work, while the wife or a grown-up daughter takes the cattle to the lower alp or pasture. On July 1 the herdswoman moves to the high alp for two months, while the men, boys and girls of the family divide that space of time between the village, the vineyard and the fields, spending a week here, a fortnight there and a few days at other places, sleeping and keeping house wherever their presence is needed.

In the middle of September the cattle are driven back to the lower alp, and a boy is sent to assist the mother or sister with milking, cheese making, etc. The other members of the family meanwhile gather in the potatoes and attend to the winter crop. At the end of the month the cattle return to the village, and are sent to the meadows. On Oct. 12 there is another general exodus from the village, all hands moving to the vineyard region for two weeks. From Oct. 25 to the beginning of November the alp is revisited, and when grass becomes scarce there the lower regions are sought, where the cattle are kept in the open as long as anything green remains. The pastures exhausted, the harvest of hay gathered in the summer and fall is laid under contribution, but the families and cattle do not return home until the last straw is consumed.

A NOMADIC EXISTENCE.

On all their wanderings these twentieth-century nomads take their entire movable household goods—bedding, cooking utensils, agricultural implements, provisions and clothes, while the houses, temporarily deserted, are protected against wind and weather, but against biped intruders no more than a Zulu's hut or a Tartar's cave. They have no door locks in Terbinen, and those attached to the many hundred-year-old "truhes" (large stationary chests) are simple enough to yield to a nail.

The oldest house in the village is the chaplain's cottage, that, according to an inscription over the door, was erected A. D. 1111. There are many places like it, but their age not being proclaimed from the housetops, so to speak, must remain a subject of speculation. A very interesting and well-preserved inscription is that of the house called "Auf der Egga," standing nearest the public wall. It is in Roman letters, curiously drawn and adorned. The pastor, Rev. P. M. Venetz, explained its meaning to me, namely, April 3, 1521. There are also several buildings called "heathen houses," supposed remnants of the old Roman colony that once flourished in these parts. These heathen houses have but two windows, one in the front, the other in the rear, size 30x60 centimeters.

Only the church, the priest's house and the people's meeting house are of stone, the rest, including the newest building in the village, put up some three hundred years ago, are constructed entirely of wood, principally blocks of larch wood, the front trimmed with boards of the same material. The ground floor of the houses is arranged as follows: On one side of the entrance is the kitchen, one the other two large closets for agricultural implements and tools. In the rear opposite the front door is the large living room, serving also as dining and bedroom for the whole family. Below is, first, a place called "saal" (hall or parlor), used for storing butter, cheese, clothes, wool, etc., then the cellar, containing stores of dried meat, bacon, potatoes, etc.

If two or more families live under the same roof, as is often the case, each is entitled to the same amount of room in the various floors occupied. Sometimes storerooms are kept in common, divided by a chalk line. There is no fear of theft and no occasion, as everybody's wants are fully supplied.

The people say larch wood lasts forever, that it endures for a thousand years. That the chaplain's house bears witness to its power of resistance is demonstrated by the Egga house and another inscribed 1404 that I saw in one of the hamlets. The houses are a deep black on the outside and the wood is black through and through, as digging with a gimlet showed.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS IN OLD DAYS.

A curious contribution to the woman's rights question is offered in the fact that many carved inscriptions in the houses and out mention the name of the wife as well as the husband as builders and proprietors. My note book is full of such legends as this copied in Terbinen: "This house was erected by Anthoni So-and-So and Margaret So-and-So, his 'husfrow,' in 1507." Even in the "new" houses the windows are so small that it is impossible to put one's head through. "Monsters of evil can't fly through tiny holes," runs one of the native proverbs.

The furniture, as already remarked, is stationary, built into the house, like the stoves, the latter of a rocky substance known as "giltlue." The dining table, with rude benches at three sides, stands under the window. On the opposite wall are two high bedsteads, reached by ladders, and under these a number of children's cribs on rollers that may be drawn out when needed. Before the main bed stands the "truhe," a chest or strong box, sometimes richly carved and with rusty iron trimmings. The sole article of decoration is a large wooden receptacle for cups and plates, let into the wall. Every householder takes pride in his collection of beautiful stone cups with lead or iron covers, tin and copper plates, but for that very reason seldom uses them, a wooden tankard or bowl sufficing for ordinary use.

Strange to say, the houses are crowded together like those of a city street where each foot of ground is worth a fortune, and every house has a sign or "brand" which, like an escutcheon of nobility, is attached to everything the householder claims as his own—barns, fences, tools, implements, clothes, cattle, frontier stones, etc. There are at present 122 families, each having a different mark for designating property by branding. The iron, by the way, is always left to the youngest son, irrespective of the general distribution of the property. The brand also figures in all administrative registers, in the tax rolls and deeds. If Joseph Studer, for instance, sells an acre to his neighbor, the mark designating the property on the neighbor's slate is covered with Studer's brand, while the neighbor's brand is registered on the new owner's. The slates are wooden tablets, with a hole at the top and they are drawn up on a string and hung up, one copy in the public meeting house, the other over the proprietor's bed. The elder of the village alone is empowered to make a transference, the pastor assisting him in the act. Though the brands are so simple as almost to invite imitation, there is no record that one was ever misused.

THE FIGURES EMPLOYED.

In the tax rolls and birth and marriage registers, that are similarly kept, or marked, figures are used, but not the kind of figures known the world over. Here are some hints as to the Terbinen cipher: A perpendicular stroke of a certain length means one, half the length means five, one-quarter the length means four, a crescent one-half, a cross means ten, a cross with two beams twenty, with three beams thirty, etc., etc.

Up to the year 1842 the people paid tithe to the Roman Catholic Church, the bishop's representative claiming the tenth part of all field and vineyard products. In the year named the wine tithe was abolished on payment of 10,301 francs, and four years later the corn tithe was likewise abolished for a similar amount, this, by formal act of the papal secretary of state, probably the last of its kind in Europe.

Each householder plants so much corn, rye, potatoes, vegetables and hemp as he needs for his family. Of wine and cattle he usually grows above his requirements with a view to selling the surplus, but it is merely done for the sake of the state taxes, mercernariness or commercial enterprise not entering into the question. The rye is ground whole in the most primitive of mills by hand, and is made into black bread in the bakehouse belonging to the village, each furnishing its own wood. In recognition of twentieth century progress Terbiners now bake twice a year, namely, in August and December. This, let it be understood, is no joke, the pastor himself assuring me that his people used to bake only once per annum up to 1900, namely, in the "wine month" (August.) Of course, the bread is as hard as stone. During the greater part of the year it is cut with old swords, fastened to a wooden board by a rude mechanism, but never sliced. They cut it in cubes half as big as your hand.

SALT THE ONLY SAVOR.

Like the "staff of life," all other food eaten in the district is prepared in a style entirely foreign to the present age. Rock salt is the only seasoning known, neither pepper nor mustard ever penetrated to the village and its dependencies. Fresh meat is eaten only for a short time in the winter, when each family kills about ten head of sheep, a pig, and either a goat or cow that is no longer good for milking. The meat is dried in the air and suffices for the whole year, often longer. Smoking, corning or other modes of preservation are not practiced. There are, I was told, families who preserve dried meat for ten, twenty or even twenty-five years; indeed, twenty-year-old bacon and ten-year-old blood pudding are no rarity. Air-dried ham is regarded as a delicacy of the first order; fried cheese as another. Of coffee, tea and chocolate the people never heard—until I mentioned those beverages. Here is an everyday bill of fare: In the morning, corn soup, made of wheat ground to a powder in a wooden mortar. For dinner the same soup, air-dried meat and potatoes. In the afternoon, bread and cheese. Evenings, milk, potatoes, bread and cheese. The noon and afternoon meal are invariably washed down with a glass of wine—excellent wine, by the way. The vineyards are said to be of Roman origin, which accounts for the name "heathen wine." The Terbiner says: "Give me wine and I won't ask for money." At festive occasions great quantities are consumed, but drunkenness is entirely unknown.

PLENTY TO WEAR.

The people grow every bit of material for their clothes—wool, hemp, flax and leather. The women use spinning wheels resembling those found pictured in the pyramids. The cut is that prevailing in Germany in the middle ages. The women's Sunday clothes are of colored material, the dyeing of the yarn being effected by indigo for blue, "sar'der root" for yellow and copper, vitriol for black, materials found in the mountains. The style of manufacture is technically unknown as homespun. Women's dresses are made in one piece, with hardly a dividing line at the waist. When a girl reaches the age of maturity she gets a hat that lasts her to the grave. Nobody ever heard of silk or tobacco, and each householder is his own shoemaker, butcher, carpenter, etc.

Terbiners know neither pigeons, chickens nor poultry of any kind; they sleep on straw or dry leaves and fill their pillows with the "wool" of a certain mountain thistle. The villagers own between them six hundred cows, twelve hundred sheep and two hundred and fifty goats. Each householder, besides, boasts of one or more pigs. The cattle are extraordinarily frugal and actually grow fat on fodder regarded as poison in other parts of Switzerland. I refer to the green potato leaves. The meadows are not held in common, but each family has the use of certain districts for certain seasons of the year according to the ancient privileges, recorded on wooden pastures slates made out as the deeds are. Their sheep belong to the black-nose race, the goats, with immense straight horns, are black-necks.

Plowing is done by the aid of mules, bulls or steers, the plow being a simple hook like that of the old Egyptians. The villagers own only one horse, but twenty mules, some of the latter being between sixty and seventy years old, and still in service. They have, besides, a draft animal found nowhere else in the world, namely, a cross between bull and mare, called "buffel mule" (buffalo mule). There are no wagons nor anything resembling a vehicle, all loads are carried on man's, woman's or mule's back. One never sees a Terbiner outside the village without a load; hay, cereals, manure, wood, cheese, everything is transported in this fashion. In rare instances baskets are used, but more often sacks or pieces of cloth.

COLONIZED BY ROMANS.

The Terbiners have no idea of their origin—their language is a corruption of the Wallis dialect, very hard to understand—but historical investigation and no less the elaborate watering system in use points to it that the district was first colonized by ancient Romans. The very name smacks of the Latin, "Terminus" (frontier.) The waterways are many and the whole system is most elaborate and rich in results; without it nine-tenths of the district would be unproductive, there being very few wells. Indeed, these primitive people keep up no less than fifty water works, of which the oldest, known as the "heathen water," carries the life fluid from a height of 8,300 feet directly into the village, being fed by the Gamsa glacier on the Fletschhorn. The Roman origin of this waterway is not doubted. On the rock walls of another I found the year "1682" carved in a dozen places. The age of others is given as "1682" carved in a dozen places. The age of still others is given as 1412, 1750, 1390, etc. The water is led down the mountain side either in hollow trees, through rocks or beds of hard earth fortified by cobble stones.

The Terbiners age early, owing to hard work. They are very laborious, and the women, in particular, do not know the meaning of rest. One may see old and young women climbing up or walking down the mountain side with a hundred pounds of manure or hay on their backs, knitting away industriously. The herdswoman attends her cattle spinning, the distaff under her left arm.

Father Studer thinks the "modern food," potatoes (introduced five years ago) responsible for the loss of vitality among his people. There is, however, no physician or druggist in the district; neither is there a saloon or tobacconist.

They marry late. A girl of twenty-seven is regarded a youthful bride. Wedding, birth and funeral repasts are celebrated in the public meeting house, each guest being entitled to three or four glasses of hot wine, fried cheese and bread as much as he or she can eat, half a pound of air-dried meat and three glasses of "heathen wine" as a nightcap.

Gambling is unknown, as are sports, excepting hunting. Only Catholic holidays are observed, but the ancient heathen blood asserts itself at the carnival, when young and old indulge in dancing and drinking at the public meeting house for three days and as many nights. During that time the place is always filled to its utmost capacity. On Christmas all males above the age of twelve repair to the meeting house to drink their fill out of ancient wooden cups inscribed with the house brand of each family. These cups are replenished as long as the drinker keeps his feet. At the same time he is provided with three pounds of bread and a pound of cheese.

F. G. STEBLER,
Professor at the University at Berne.

Another Pullman.

New York Evening Post.

Another model workingmen's town is claiming the attetion of the sociologists. This appears to be the model of the "models." It is Vandergrift, some thirty-eight miles from Pittsburg, and its creation is the work of the American Sheet Steel Company. Desiring to secure a high grade of workmen for its new mill, the company planned a most attractive residential town. The dreamed-of ideal city was partly realized, in that all the streets were sewered, piped, and connections made with the building lots before the vitrified brick pavement was laid. There need be no digging up of streets in Vandergrift. The streets are wide, and form arcs of circles, curving with the contour of the ground, and liberal provisions of flowers and shrubbery was made. Lots were sold at the prices prevailing in a neighboring town, the only restriction being that liquor should not be sold. Ground was given for four churches, with a stipulation that each was to cost at least $15,000, the company giving one-half of that amount, and a site and $14,000 was given towards a $32,000 casino, used for public assemblies, and containing a free library of 2,500 volumes. The town is self-governing, the only participation of the company being in the furnishing of water, gas, and electric lighting. It is almost needless to add that there was no strike in Vandergrift last summer.

Smallpox "Remedies."

New York Post.

The wide prevalence of smallpox has made the opportunity for the vendors of nostrums. It is almost an axiom that a few cents invested in an alleged remedy for any or all diseases, and many dollars invested in printers' ink, will produce ample returns. Persons who dose themselves are innumerable, and with the existing antipathy for vaccination, a fertile field is open for the vendors of preventives or cures for smallpox. One of the numerous preparations offered, which has had wide advertisement, and which may appeal more than others of its kind to the credulous, is the cream of tartar prescription. This reads: "Place one ounce of cream of tartar in sixteen ounces of water and take a tablespoonful every day and you may sleep with a smallpox patient with perfect impunity. If every citizen would do this for fifteen days there would be an end of smallpox in any city." This has found much favor in Boston, despite the protests of physicians. Cream of tartar, they say, is a well-known remedy for kidney troubles, and may aid in purifying the blood, but it cannot possibly have any direct effect on smallpox.

The Well at Nazareth.

Across the plain of Es'draelon
The legionaries swept,
By vineyards green, through groves of palms
Their northward way they kept.
They came at last to Nazareth,
Out rang the bugle's blast;
Through stifling heat and blinding dust
They reached the well at last.

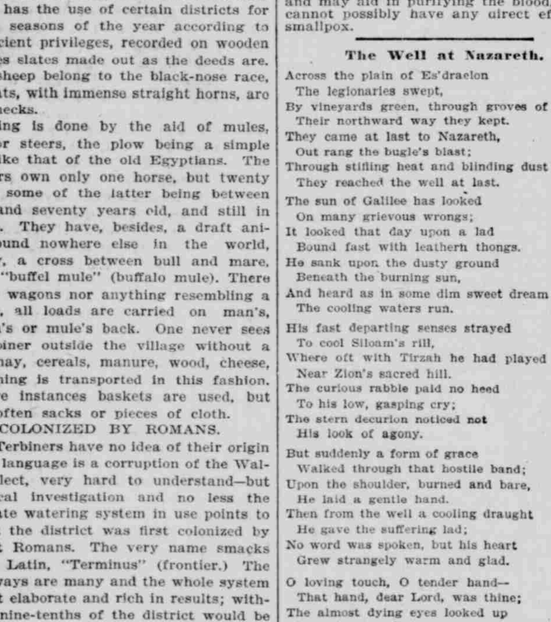
The sun of Galilee has looked
On many grievous wrongs;
It looked that day upon a lad
Bound fast with leathern thongs.
He sank upon the dusty ground
Beneath the burning sun,
And heard as in some dim sweet dream
The cooling waters run.

His fast departing senses strayed
To cool Siloam's rill,
Where oft with Tirzah he had played
Near Zion's sacred hill.
The curious rabble paid no heed
To his low, gasping cry;
The stern decurion noticed not
His look of agony.

But suddenly a form of grace
Walked through that hostile band;
Upon the shoulder, burned and bare,
He laid a gentle hand.
Then from the well a cooling draught
He gave the suffering lad;
No word was spoken, but his heart
Grew strangely warm and glad.

O loving touch, O tender hand—
That hand, dear Lord, was thine;
The almost dying eyes looked up
Into the eyes divine;
Into his deeper darkening night
There shone one heavenly ray,
One star of hope, whose steadfast light
Beamed on his clouded way.

It nerved his arm to deeds of skill
On ocean and on shore;
The chariot race, the fight for life—
The galley's straining oar.
Through all the changing after years,
Through scenes of blood and death,
Ben-Hur, the Hebrew, ne'er forgot
The well at Nazareth.



A DEFINITION.

"Pa, what is a diplomat?"
"A diplomat, my son, is a liar who does not get found out."

THE LITERARY OUTLOOK

WHY PEOPLE LIKE TO READ GOSSIP ABOUT BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

John Burroughs's New Volume of Nature Poems Reveals His Ideas About Poetry—About Serials.

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal.

NEW YORK, Dec. 13.—Several writers have recently been attempting to explain the popularity of gossip about books and authors—the matter is generally discussed under the head of gossip about literature, but literature is such a restricted term among the bookishly inclined and so broad a term for the average reader that a more definite classification seems to be necessary. Yet "books and authors" open up a rather large field, larger perhaps than that of literature, unless one is inclined to honor the whole range of periodical matter with that name. If we shall restrict books and authors to only those books which are worthy of being bound up and only those authors who are worthy of being read we are again upon dangerous ground, for who shall judge as to the merits of either? Surely not the critcs, for these, in the true sense, do not exist in the United States, and we have not yet come to depend upon England for guidance in these matters. Surely not the publishers, for they are rarely to be trusted and their interests lie too much in financial rather than in philanthropic ends. Surely not the bookseller, for he is too closely allied with the publishers. So of all the signs—display advertising, huge stocks in store windows, favorable reviews or critical opinions, we must beware. And of just such general iconoclasm as the foregoing, beware, for the exceptions are too many to prove rules and the public too large to be directed as to the books and authors which they shall choose.

Gossip about books and authors is popular only because it appeals persuasively to prospective readers. It is reasonable to suppose that information about an author's personality, methods of work and manner of living is interesting, because books, nowadays, at least, treat of the personal element, and an author's individuality is expressed in what he writes. The truth of the sentiment is so self-evident that it seems useless to mention it. One appreciates books, in large measure, in direct ratio to his knowledge of the author. Publishers themselves have been quick to realize this, and the literary editors of newspapers are flooded with brief biographies of authors, stories of their doings and so on until they wish to condemn to eternal perdition Cadmus, or whoever it was that invented books.

"Criticism of the right kind," says a wiseacre, "should furnish a directory for those too busy to read everything. The genuine critic should perform the office of guide to readers." We have just assumed above that America has no critics and that the signs of merit or worthiness are not to be trusted, but assuming that a critic exists, we doubt very much his ability to fulfill the duties which are imposed here. About five thousand different books have been published during the present season, and there are still a few to come before the end of the year.

Some time ago one of the New York publishers requested of Mr. John Burroughs that he compile a volume of natural poems according to his own desires; that is, Mr. Burroughs was to select and include in the volume only such poems as he himself wished, making the collection his own in the real sense. The great nature lover accepted the proposal with much enthusiasm, and for several months he has been engaged in the work of compiling in a single volume the nature poems which he himself preferred. The book, under the title of "Songs of Nature," has just been published, and, altogether, it is as pleasing a volume of poems as has been issued this year. Mr. Burroughs has explained in the preface his method of editing, and incidentally some sane ideas about poetry.

"In such matters," he says, "it all comes back after all to one's likes and dislikes. His own individual taste and judgment clarified and disciplined by wide reading and reflection are his only guides. This collection," he goes on, "represents on the whole my judgment of the best nature poems at my disposal in the language. I am surprised at the amount of the so-called nature poetry that has been added to English literature during the past fifty years, but I find only a little of it of permanent worth. I have not knowingly admitted any poem that was not true to my own observations of nature. Thus a poem that shows the swallow perched upon the barn in October I could not accept, because the swallow leaves us in August; or a poem that makes the chestnut bloom with the lilac—an instance I came across in my reading—would be ruled out on like grounds; or when I find poppies blooming in the corn in an American poem, as I several times have done, I pass by on the other side. Lowell is not quite true to the facts when in one of his poems he makes the male oriole assist at the nest building. The fanciful and allegorical treatment of nature is for the most part distasteful to me. I do not want a mere rhymed description of an object or a scene. I want it mirrored in the heart and life of the poet, true to the reality without and the emotion within. The one thing that makes a poem anyway is emotion—the emotion of love, of beauty, of sublimity, and these emotions playing about the reality result in the true nature poetry as in Wordsworth, Emerson and Bryant. The poet is not so much to paint nature as he is to recreate her."

Of the parodies on the Persian philosopher none is more enjoyable than the "Golfer's Rubaiyat." Through seventy-nine links the reader is conducted over the course. One of the best verses reads:

"Indeed, indeed Repentance oft before
I swore—but it was Winter when I swore;
And then and then came Spring, and, Club in Hand,
I hastened forth for one Round—one Round more."

x x x

Mary Hartwell Catherwood, it is said, once consulted a palmist, none other than Cheiro, who told her she was destined to write a great romance. The public is left to decide whether her novel, "Lazarre," is the one or whether her great novel is still to be written. Meantime who is to decide whether this kind of a literary note is an advertisement of the novelist or of the palmist?

x x x

Apropos of the division of opinion regarding serialization—whether it is a help or a hindrance to book sales—the statement of the editor of one of the leading monthly magazines as to the value of serials in making circulation is very interesting.

"In ten days, the first ten days of the month in which we started a notable serial, 40,000 new subscribers began taking our magazines, and by the 25th of the same month 100,000 had come in. So far as we could judge we attributed the larger part of our increase directly to the serial which we were then beginning. It is said that Conan Doyle's new Sherlock Holmes series added 40,000 subscribers to the English magazine which is now publishing the matter. Early next year one of the newer magazines will begin a serial publication of Joel Chandler Harris's novel, a tale of the reconstruction period, and the publishers frankly state their belief that the story will bring them in thousands of regular readers which they could not reach in any other manner. Authors themselves, as has been noted, are prone to look upon serial rights as a sure means of support and returns from book sales as luxurious profits. Not every novel is suitable for serial purposes, and not every serial is worthy of book covers, but, more and more, the author whose business instincts have been developed is writing the kind of a tale which will reap reward from both sources.

x x x

Miss Bertha Bunko was scarcely twenty when she wrote "The Plug Hat of Nevada," and she began writing verses at two.

x x x

Mr. Jones Creamland, the famous special correspondent, has just telegraphed in the last chapter of his book, and the first edition will be off the press to-morrow morning. The first edition, it may be stated, was entirely sold immediately upon announcement, and the second will be ready within forty-eight hours.

x x x

It may be worth mentioning in connection with the violent attack made by certain critics against "The Right Way" that the author is now in this country with a challenge to any one who thinks his book should have been called "The Wrong Way." Takers will be allowed to choose between a Harper joke or a Century poem as a weapon. The author is to be allowed to hurl the manuscript of his next novel.

x x x

"4-11-44," the startling mystery story recently published, will literally stand the reader of it upon his feet. Moreover, the reader will stand up till he has finished the book, if he begins that way. He will not take time to sit down. It is a good policy, therefore, to sit down first before beginning "4-11-44."

x x x

Anthony Expectancy, the author of the "Polly Monologues," is said to be engaged upon a duet, which will be set to pictures uniform with the monologues. Mr. Expectancy anticipates much for the reception of his new work, and the public is not beyond hope.

HERBERT BREWSTER.

Still "Agin'" Woman.

Brother Buckley, in New York Advocate.

Of the women who recently took competitive examinations in Washington for positions in the civil service over 77 per cent. passed, as against 62 per cent. of the men. This is an interesting fact, but neither among men nor women does the ability to make anything more than a medium recitation, either orally or in writing, indicate superior qualification for any position requiring independent judgment and the power to execute. Often a recitation of extraordinary fluency and ease may raise a presumption that it is only a mental vision recitation or a verbal memory recitation, either of which is compatible with the highest intellectual endowment, or may exist with only feeble general intellectual powers and with very weak wills.

Soiled Money.

Detroit Journal.

The Washington correspondents tell us that the West is the home of dirty money, and that employes of the Treasury Department endeavor to be assigned to desks where none of the offensive circulating medium is counted. They have our deep sympathy. The fact is, we ought to disinfect our money before allowing the banks to send it to Washington to be redeemed. But we are not mere consumers of wealth, like the average employe of the government, reared in the tender atmosphere of a six-hour work day with an hour off for lunch, one or two months for sickness and the rest for an annual vacation. We are right busy producing wealth, and paper bills, merely aiding in the process, are treated with scant respect. The rough, rude hand of the farmer is near the soil, and perhaps now and then a little of mother earth dims some of the artistic work on the dollar bill. Perhaps, too, some taint comes from the mines and the stockyards. But the Washington clerks will kindly refrain from shooting the organist; he is not only doing the best he can, but that best includes support of several persons in Washington who, when at home, were as glad to have any kind of money as we still are. And always there remains to the department clerk with an esthetic soul that would soar above handling soiled thousand-dollar bills the remedy of returning home to an awed and awaiting populace, leaving the government to stagger along as best it may without his guiding presence.

Expensive Citizenship.

Louisville Courier Journal.

American millionaires who prefer to live abroad have to pay the piper after death, if not before. The latest example of this kind is the case of the estate of the late William L. Winans, formerly of Baltimore, but who was a resident of Great Britain at the time of his death in 1897. The Lord Chief Justice's Court in London has given judgment that a legacy duty must be paid on a bequest of £2,000 to the dead man's sister-in-law, and this has been made applicable to the whole estate. The tax is £8 per £100 on estates of £1,000,000 or over, and the Williams estate will have to pay a little over £200,000. A million dollars for the privilege of becoming a British subject rather than an American citizen is a high price to pay, but his heirs will have to stand it. Mr. William Waldorf Astor no doubt thinks this cheap, but what will that other ex-American, Mr. Croker, decide to do in the event of the inevitable hour when the tax collector must add to the terrors of the tomb?